When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight,
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certaine you were not ſo bad,
As with foule Inceſt to abuſe your ſoule:
VVhere now you both a father and a ſonne,
By your vntimely claſpings with your childe,
(VVhich pleaſures fits an husband, not a father)
And ſhe an eater of her mothers fleſh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like ſerpents are, who though they feed
On ſweeteſt flowers, yet they poyſon breed.
Antioch farwell, for wiſedome ſees thoſe men
Bluſh not in actions blacker then the night,
VVill ſhew no courſe to keepe them from the light:
One ſinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
Murder's as neere to luſt, as flame to ſmoake:
Poyſon and treaſon are the hands of ſinne,
I, and the Targets to put off the ſhame,
Then leaſt my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight Ile ſhun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head,
He muſt not liue to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, *Antiochus* doth ſinne
In ſuch a loathed manner.
And therefore inſtantly this Prince muſt die,
For by his fall, my honour muſt keepe hie.
VVho attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highneſſe call?

Anti. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber,
And our minde partakes her priuate actions
To your ſecreſie; and for your faithfulneſſe
VVe will aduance you *Thaliard*:

Behold,